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The Honorable Brian M. Cogan
 United States District Court
 Eastern District of New York
 225 Cadman Plaza East
 Brooklyn, NY 11201

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 U.S. DISTRICT COURT E.D.N.Y.
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November 1, 2010

Dear Judge Cogan,

In a few days I will be appearing before you for one of the most important days of my life. I realize that I've been convicted of some very serious charges and face many years in prison. Your Honor, I would like to tell you a little bit about myself. I am far from the violent, money hungry hoodlum that the Government has tried to make me out to be. I am a college-educated entrepreneur, who has supported my family, worked very hard and over the course of ten months made some very poor decisions that have forever altered my life.

I was born in the Bronx, NY to immigrants from the former Yugoslavia. They came to this country in search of the American dream. Yet, my childhood was far from a dream. My father was a violent alcoholic who regularly physically and verbally abused my brother Nicholas and I, as a result of which, my mother eventually abandoned the family. We were left to be raised by my father who suffered from serious mental health issues, and could not read or write English. As a child, I was responsible for running the household and consistently worried about paying our rent and bills. Our only source of income was my father's monthly Social Security Disability Allowance and our utilities were often disconnected for non-payment. This, among other things created a lot of stress for my father and he took out his anger on us. He often berated us and called us names. His anger frequently turned violent and my brother and I went to school with bruises. For years, my brother and I endured the pain and reality of having lost our mother and living with a father who we felt hated us. My brother and I were extremely close and always had a pact to stick together, and become successful together. We helped each other and we wanted our father to be proud of us. Nick was the first to graduate high school and went off to college, while I stayed home to attend to my father's needs while working full time. I eventually saved up enough money to move our family into a new apartment. I enrolled in college and my brother moved back home to attend law school. For the first time in our lives things seemed to be perfect, we had each other and that was all that mattered.

Then in December 2001, my world was shattered. I witnessed the murder of my only brother by our next door neighbor. I could not then, and still cannot believe I lost my brother, my best friend and my only sense of family beyond my father in such a cold, senseless act. I was shocked when the killer evaded justice by hiring high priced lawyers and spent just two years in prison. I watched my father, a hardened immigrant who had never shed a tear in front of me become heartbroken. Every day, I came home to see my Dad crying, holding a picture of Nick and asking "Why?" Despite this, after just a few weeks I reenrolled in college and finished my bachelor's degree graduating from Fordham University.

Nonetheless, my brother's death had caused a vast emptiness in my life. I became deeply depressed and hated being alone; yet rather than allow myself to grieve, I sought out new friends to fill this void. I began drinking heavily and turned to the wrong friends for consolation. These new friends welcomed me with open arms, provided me with desperately needed companionship and a sense of family, which I lacked at home - giving me an escape from the pain and reality of my brother's death. These new friends included a man named Gaetano Fatato. I have since learned that Fatato is a career criminal who violated cooperation agreement after cooperation agreement, whose credibility is so questionable that the Government refused to call him as a witness. He formulated and instigated every single crime I was convicted of. He courted me when I was vulnerable, and pressed me with questions and ideas about potential crimes after hours of drinking. Obviously, he knew what he was doing in assisting the Government build their case, but I did not. The alleged plot to avenge my brother's death for example, was created by Fatato. Each of the crimes that I was convicted of was hatched by Fatato within a ten month period. I say this not to shirk my responsibility for my involvement, but rather to explain to Your Honor how I strayed from my path of education, ambition and entrepreneurialism to destroying my life in such a short time-frame.

Prior to this, I had worked my entire life at jobs varying from building maintenance to labor unions to an emerging markets hedge fund. After 9/11, I was a Ground Zero volunteer for two weeks for which I received an award from the National Guard. At

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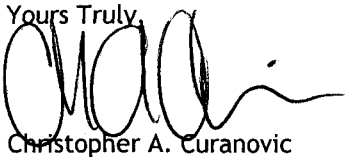
the age of 25, I was a managing partner of a major Manhattan night club as well as a pizzeria restaurant and an auto repair business. I have been involved in entertainment ventures with musicians Wyclef Jean, Nas, Kelis and DMX.

In February 2007, my father, the only family I had left, was diagnosed with stage 4 bone cancer and given six months to live. Less than three months later, at the age of 59, my father passed away. At a time when many people might give up, I again picked up the pieces, determined not to let another tragedy ruin me. At the time of my arrest, I was actively raising capital for a film involving actor James Caan.

Your Honor, I am not perfect, in anger or intoxicated, I have said things I should not have and I have made some terrible choices, which I recognize have consequences. I am not, however, the hardened criminal that the Government imagines me to be. I know that I may face the rest of my life in prison. I am sorry for the mistakes I've made, and not simply because I am facing time in prison; I regret that I allowed myself to be in the company of people who clouded my judgement and enabled me to undermine my morals and integrity. I am fully responsible for my actions, and I have spent the last 32 months at MDC Brooklyn reevaluating my life. Your Honor, I want you to know that whether I receive five years or twenty-five years, what you've heard about me is not the person I am.

My best friend recently reminded me, "it is what you do from here forward that counts", and that sustains me. Although I wish I could, I know I cannot take back what I have done or the mistakes I have made. Knowing that I can eventually put this behind me and move forward is what I live for. I am 29 years old and want nothing more than to better the rest of my life and be surrounded with people that I truly care for and have the same in return. Upon my release, I plan to put my life back together, get married and start a family, because the hardest thing in my life, and greatest vulnerability has been having no sense of family or belonging. Whatever I do, I know I can promise you Judge Cogan that this will be the last time you see me in your courtroom.

Yours Truly,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Chris Curanovic', with a stylized flourish at the end.

Christopher A. Curanovic